

File

"A girl's best friend."

by

Terence Dudley.

Eric L'Pine Smith, Ltd.
10, Wyndham Place,
London, 1H 1AS.

CHARACTERS.

Sarah Jane Smith.
K9.
Commander "Bill" Pollock.
George Tracey.
Peter Tracey
Juno Baker.
Howard Baker.
Henry Tobias.
Lilly Gregson.
Sergeant Wilson.
PC. Carter.

Extras.

SETS.

The Manor; Hall
Sitting Room
Bakers' Sitting Room
Small Back Room (Post Office.)
Police Station.
Tracey's Living Room
Pollock's Den
Cellar

FILM.

Cotswold country roads
Street in Moreton Harwood.
Ext Manor.
Market Garden
Ruined building.

CONSULTANTS.

Computers	Lawrence Kirby, Wellington Coll.
Market Gardening	Heathfield Farm, Woking ham, Berkshire.
Witchcraft	Regeneration, 30, Baker Street, London, N.W.1.

TELECINE 1.

Night. In a dark, ruinous interior invaded by overgrown vegetation a black magic ceremony is taking place.

A High Priestess and High Priest are prominent. They are anonymous behind masks simulating a goat. The others of the coven, bringing the total to thirteen, wear black robes and cowls but the individuals are recognisable. In particular three members of the coven should be made memorable. They are; GEORGE TRACEY, a tall, spare man of forty with an abundant head of hair and fierce, intelligent eyes; HENRY TOBIAS, an over-weight, balding fifty, and VINCE WILSON, a tall, thickset thirty-five.

The coven is arranged within a large circle. The four main compass points are marked by a lighted candle.

The High Priest stands behind the altar on which is the ritual paraphernalia. (Ceremonies differ in content from coven to coven, but the ritual objects are constant. They are listed in text books on witchcraft.) The High Priestess stands in front of the altar. In front of her is a large cauldron, filled with a liquid on which float a number of different leaves. The coven is chanting.

COVEN: Hecate, Hecate,
Hecate, ... etc.

The High Priestess takes a taper from the alter and lights it from the alter candle. She throws the taper into the cauldron and the liquid bursts into flame. The chanting intensifies.

Cut to; close on some vegetation well outside the perimeter of the circle.

A hand parts the vegetation and the cauldron's flames flicker over the face of PETER TRACEY. He is a wiry twenty years old with the same gypsy looks of his father. His face is tense, wrapt without curiosity or fear.

Cut to; the coven.

The High Priestess turns to the High Priest who hands her a portrait size photograph. The High Priestess holds it out towards the fire. Close on the photograph. We see a handsome, middle-aged woman.

The photograph is thrown into the cauldron.

The chanting intensifies again.

Suddenly the High Priestess flings up her arms and the chanting ceases abruptly.

HIGH PRIESTESS: (THE VOICE DISTORTED AND UNIDENTIFIABLE BEHIND THE MASK.) "For I am a Gracious Goddess. I give joy on Earth, certainty not faith while in life, and upon death peace unutterable. To know, to dare, to will, to be silent."

Cut to PETER TRACEY.
He slips away into the
darkness.

Cut to the cauldron.
The flames turn the
last of the photo-
graph to ash ... the
last of the recognisable
face.

END TELECINE 1.

1) Int. Manor Sitting Room. Day.

(ON A FOLDED NEWSPAPER
WHICH RESTS ON A TABLE
BY THE STAND OF A TELE-
PHONE.

THE NEWSPAPER IS "The
Cotswold Chronicle."

WE ARE LOOKING AT THE
PRINTED PHOTOGRAPH WE
SAW EARLIER. IT IS
CAPTIONED "Miss Lavinia
Smith." BESIDE THE PHOTO-
GRAPH IS AN ARTICLE
HEADED "Local scientist
to tour America."

WE ARE ON THIS LONG
ENOUGH TO TAKE IN THE
INFORMATION.

CUT TO LAVINIA SMITH,
THE SUBJECT OF THE
PHOTOGRAPH. SHE HAS
THE HANDSET OF THE TELE-
PHONE TO HER EAR.)

LAVINIA: Still not there.

(SHE HANGS UP.)

I should have liked to talk to
her before I go.

JUNO: What's the rush? I
thought you weren't going until
after Christmas.

(JUNO BAKER IS A GOOD
LOOKING WOMAN IN HER
LATE THIRTIES. SHE

HAS POISE AND CHARM
AND THERE IS MORE THAN
A HINT OF THE VOLUPTUARY
IN HER.

THE ROOM IS WHAT YOU
WOULD EXPECT IN A
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
MANOR HOUSE. IT
REFLECTS THE PERSONALITY
OF LAVINIA SMITH. IT
IS COMFORTABLE BUT IS
FUNCTIONAL RATHER THAN
DECORATIVE. IT IS
DOMINATED BY BOOKS
ALTHOUGH, NOW, THERE
ARE SOME NOTICABLE GAPS
ON THE SHELVES.

PROMINANT ARE A PACK-
ING CASE AND A TEA
CHEST.)

LAVINIA: They want me a
month earlier. One of their
other lecturers has gone
sick.

JUNO: That 's not what
they're saying in the village.

LAVINIA: (AMUSED.) Oh?
Why does Moreton Harwood
think I'm off?

(JUNE IS ABOUT TO
ANSWER WHEN THERE'S A
KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

TWO REMOVAL MEN ENTER,
TAKE UP THE TEA CHEST
AND DEPART.)

JUNO: I heard that woman in
the post office ... what's
her name? Grigson?

LAVINIA: Gregson.

JUNO: I heard her telling
someone that you were being
spirited away.

LAVINIA: Spirited away?

JUNO: That's what she said.
My guess is, Lavinia dear,
that it's that letter you
wrote to the Chronicle.

LAVINIA: Which one?

JUNO: The one about witch-
craft.

(LAVINIA BLOWS OUT HER
CHEEKS DERISIVELY.)

LAVINIA: Prrr ... It had to
be said. I'm a scientist,
Juno. I can't tolerate that
sort of mumbo-jumbo. Not on
my own doorstep.

JUNO: All right for some.
They're very superstitious
around here. You're a comp-
arative newcomer, but Howard
has to tread very gently.
He has enough difficulty
keeping his hands as it is.

(LAVINIA PUTS ANOTHER
LOG ON THE CHEERFUL
FIRE.)

Bill Pollock must be pleased
you're going.

LAVINIA: Why should he be?

JUNO: Gives him a free hand
with the business, doesn't
it?

LAVINIA: Bill may be part
owner but he doesn't run the
place. He does all right
on the selling side but it's
George Tracey who runs the
market garden.

JUNO: Gives me the creeps.

LAVINIA: George is all right.
Very clever man.

(A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.
THE REMOVAL MEN RE-
TURN AND SHAPE UP TO
THE PACKING CASE.)

LAVINIA: No, leave that, please!
That's not to go. That's it.
You've got the lot now.

(THE MEN GO.)

LAVINIA IS BY THE PACK-
ING CASE ON WHICH IS
STAMPED: "For the attent-
ion of S.J.S.)

That's typical of my niece.
Delivered to her so long ago
I can't remember. I had to
bring it when I came here.
I've told her about it often
enough, but she's like a
butterfly. Never in one place
long enough to lick a stamp.

JUNO: Well, I suppose that's
journalism. What's in it?

LAVINIA: She's never wanted
to do anything else.

JUNO: No! I mean what's in
the case?

LAVINIA: Oh! God knows!

JUNO: Aren't you curious?

LAVINIA: I save my curiosity
for my work.

JUNO: Oh, Lavinia! How
pompous!

LAVINIA: (WITH A SMILE.)
I'm sorry. I'm a bit wound
up. I don't like loose ends.
If only I knew where she was.

JUNO: Who's she working for?

LAVINIA: Reuters.

JUNO: Ring ^{her}tem! Send a
cable!

LAVINIA: She could be any-
where.

JUNO: She'll be in touch with them. Got to be.

LAVINIA: There is that.

JUNO: When ^{is} she due here?

LAVINIA: ~~Thursday~~ ^{Friday} week. The ~~seventeenth~~.

JUNO: What about your nephew?

(AS LAVINIA HESITATES.)

Brendan?

LAVINIA: He's my ward.

JUNO: Breaks up soon, doesn't he?

LAVINIA: Next Friday.

JUNO: He can always come to me, you know. He can muck in with my lot.

LAVINIA: That's sweet of you, Juno, but that's all settled. I rang him yesterday. He'll stay at the school until Sarah Jane collects him.

JUNO: But if she has to go off again?

LAVINIA: No. This is her last assignment. She's not only coming here to look after the place. She's going to do a book. Something my publishers are encouraging.

JUNO: She sounds a bright girl. I'm looking forward to meeting her.

LAVINIA: Sarah Jane's a very nice girl. You'll like her. But we have one thing in common.

JUNO: What's that?

LAVINIA: We speak our minds.
Loudly.

TELECINE 2.

CU SARAH JANE SMITH
in her 1975 MGB or
her electric vehicle
(at Producer's discretion.)

~~Thursday~~ ^{Friday}, December ~~17~~¹⁸
1981.

SARAH JANE: Fool! Idiot!
Imbecile! Cretin!

Her/vehicle is behind
an ancient car in charge
of which is an elderly
woman who is waiting,
indecisive, manually sig-
nalling a right turn
and automatically sig-
nalling left.

SARAH JANE is trapped
since there is another
car at her rear.

Women drivers!

The woman driver cancels
both signals and drives
straight on.

SARAH JANE growls and
overtakes in a flash.

The woman driver turns
out to be an old man
with fashionable locks.

SARAH JANE scoffs and
then laughs at herself.

Her vehicle roars on.

Cut to; exterior of the
Manor.

SARAH JANE drives up to
the front door. The
house is seventeenth
century and ghostly in
the winter afternoon
light.

SARAH JANE presses a bell without expectation of an answer because the place looks unexpectedly empty.

TRACEY:(O.O.V.) Miss Smith?

SARAH JANE is startled and turns to face GEORGE TRACEY, memorable as a member of the coven in scene one.

I've been expecting you. I'm Tracey ... George Tracey ... I work for Miss Lavinia.

SARAH JANE: Is my aunt not here?

TRACEY: She's in America.

SARAH JANE: But she wasn't due to go until after Christmas.

TRACEY: She went last Sunday week.

SARAH JANE: She wouldn't go without telling me.

TRACEY: I know she wrote to you.

SARAH JANE: I haven't been home. I was delayed. I've come straight from Addis Ababa.

TRACEY: There was something about a cable. To Rooters?

SARAH JANE: Reuters.

TRACEY: That's it. Well, anyway, welcome to Moreton Harwood. These are the keys. That one's the front door, the others have got tags. If you want anything I'm in the cottage by the shop at the front.

SARAH JANE: Thank you very much.

TRACEY: My pleasure.

TRACEY goes. SARAH JANE takes a capacious hold-all from her car and lets herself into the Manor.

END TELECINE 2.

2) Int. Manor Hall. Day.

(SARAH JANE COMES IN.

SHE'S BEEN HERE BEFORE
AND KNOWS HER WAY INTO

3) Int. Manor Sitting Rm. Day.

(THE ROOM NOW HAS A
DESOLATE AIR: THE
GRATE EMPTY.

THE NEWSPAPER IS
STILL BY THE TELE-
PHONE.

SARAH JANE LOOKS AT
THE NEWSPAPER, PICKS
UP THE TELEPHONE
AND DIALS.

AS SHE WAITS FOR AN
ANSWER SHE NOTICES
THE PACKING CASE.)

SARAH JANE: Ann? Sarah.
No, I'm at Moreton Harwood.
I had to come straight
here. Oh, I got mixed
up in some Ethiopian army
manoeuvres. Yes, great,
if you don't weaken.
Listen, have you been in
my pad lately? Any mail?
Would you be a love and
forward it? Is there a
telegram in that lot? No.
Yes, here if you would.

SARAH JANE: (CONTINUED.)
Do I? No, I'm fine. Just
taken a little by surprise,
that's all. My aunt's shot
off to America. I'll ring
you tomorrow. I've got to
collect Brendan from school.
I'll ring you when I get
back. Aunt Lavinia's ward,
here for the holiday.
No, I don't suppose we will.
But I'll try to ring you
tomorrow.

(SHE IS ABOUT THE
HANG UP.)

Yes, Merry Christmas!

(SHE BREAKS THE
CONNECTION AND
THEN DIALS THREE
NUMBERS.)

International, please.

(AGAIN SARAH JANE
NOTICES THE PACKING
CASE.)

Yes, this is Moreton Harwood
778. Could you tell me
if a cable has been sent
from this number during the
last two weeks? Will
you? Thank you.

(SHE HANGS UP AND
MOVES TO THE PACKING
CASE ON WHICH IS
NOW CELLOTAPED AN
ENVELOPE ADDRESSED
TO "Sarah Jane.")

SHE DETACHES THE
ENVELOPE, OPENS IT
AND READS THE NOTE.)

AUNT LAVINIA'S VOICE: It's
to be hoped, dear, that you
will at last find a feverish
moment to open this. It
was crammed into the attic
at Croydon for years and

AUNT LAVINIA'S VOICE: (CONT.)
I've just disinterred it again
here.

(THE TELEPHONE RINGS
AND SARAH JANE ANSWERS
IT.)

SARAH JANE: 778. Yes.
There hasn't. Thank you
very much. Goodbye.

(AS SHE HANGS UP THE
DISTANT DOOR BELL
RINGS.

SHE GOES OUT TO

4) Int. Manor Hall. Day.

(TO OPEN THE FRONT
DOOR.

PETER TRACEY STANDS
OUTSIDE. HE HOLDS
A THERMOS FLASK.

WE RECOGNISE THE LAD
WHO WATCHED THE
COVEN.)

PETER: Hello! I'm Peter
Tracey. My Dad sent me over.
He thought you might be able
to use this. Cup of tea.

SARAH JANE: Oh, how very
kind! Thank you, Peter.
Are you coming in?

(THE TELEPHONE RINGS
IN THE SITTING ROOM.)

PETER: Better get back.

(HE HANDS OVER THE
FLASK.)

SARAH JANE: Yes, all
right. Thanks again.

(PETER TRACEY GOES.

SARAH JANE CLOSES
THE FRONT DOOR AND
GOES BACK TO

5) Int. Manor Sit. Rmm. Day.

(SARAH JANE ANSWERS THE
TELEPHONE.)

SARAH JANE: 778.

6) Int. Telephone Box. Day.

BRENDAN: Sarah?

(BRENDAN RICHARDS IS
LAVINIA'S WARD. HE'S
A BRIGHT ¹⁴FOURTEEN-YEARS-
OLD.)

7) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Day.

SARAH JANE: Who's that?

(CROSS-CUTTING.)

BRENDAN: Brendan.

SARAH JANE: Brendan! I
was just going to ring you.
I'm sorry, I got held up and
I've only just arrived. It's
a bit late now. I'll come
for you tomorrow morning.

BRENDAN: If you do I'll be
frozen solid.

SARAH JANE: What?

BRENDAN: I'm in a 'phone box
at the station.

SARAH JANE: What station?

BRENDAN: Chipping Norton.

SARAH JANE: What's the idea?

BRENDAN: I got fed up waiting.

SARAH JANE: Oh, you got fed
up waiting.

BRENDAN: I'd take a taxi but
I haven't got enough money.

SARAH JANE: No, no! I'm on my way.

BRENDAN: Thanks.

(SARAH JANE HANGS UP.)

SARAH JANE: (MUTTERING) He got fed up waiting.

TELECINE 3.

LS SARAH JANE'S car speeding through rural area.

Cut to int.

SARAH JANE with BRENDAN beside her.

SARAH JANE: What did she say exactly?

BRENDAN: Aunt Lavinia?

SARAH JANE: Wh o else?

BRENDAN: Well, you could have meant Matron.

SARAH JANE: When did she 'phone?

BRENDAN: The day before we broke up. All she said was that I would have to stay at school for a week until you picked me up.

SARAH JANE: Nothing else?

BRENDAN: No.

SARAH JANE: Nothing about the reason for her going off suddenly like that?

BRENDAN: Only that they wanted her earlier.

SARAH JANE: Just before Christmas?

BRENDAN: The Americans don't go much on Christmas, do they?

SARAH JANE: I think it's very odd.

BRENDAN: She's all right, isn't she?

SARAH JANE: How would I know? I've been fighting off amatory fuzzi-wuzzies for a fortnight.

BRENDAN: Are you home for good now?

SARAH JANE: Here? Yes.

BRENDAN: Good!

SARAH JANE: What's good about it?

BRENDAN: I was hoping to persuade Aunt Lavinia to let me go to the comprehensive here.

SARAH JANE: Oh, were you? Start persuading me! I'm here to write a book not be a surrogate mum.

BRENDAN: I'm old enough to look after myself I don't need wet-nursing.

SARAH JANE: Don't you like it at Wellington?

BRENDAN: I think it's great. But I don't like boarding and Aunt Lavinia's got a better library.

SARAH JANE: What d'you know about market gardening?

BRENDAN: Absolutely nothing. ⁱⁿ But Travis's father's/the the business and says it's very scientific these days.

(BRENDAN, WHO HAS BEEN
LOOKING AHEAD, TURNS
TO SARAH JANE.)

BRENDAN: (CONTINUED.) And I am taking three early O levels; maths, physics and biology.

SARAH JANE: Watch it, boy! Watch it!

Cut to; LS SARAH'S car arriving at the Manor.

END TELECINE 3.

8) Int. Manor Hall Day.

(THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND SARAH JANE AND BRENDAN COME IN.

BRENDAN CARRIES TWO LARGE SUITCASES.

A SAVAGE, CANINE GROWL.

SARAH JANE AND BRENDAN LOOK AHEAD WITH SOME ALARM.

THEY ARE FACED BY AN ALSATIAN WITH TEETH BARED.)

POLLOCK: (O.O.V.) Jasper! Sit!

(COMMANDER "BILL" POLLOCK COMES FROM THE SITTING ROOM.

HE'S LARGE, GRUFF, PLAIN-SPEAKING, BUT NOT WITHOUT CHARM.)

My name's Pollock. I'm your Aunt's partner.

SARAH JANE: Yes, Commander. We met two years ago.

POLLOCK: We did. Thought you mightn't remember.

SARAH JANE: This is Brendan Richards, Aunt Lavinia's ward.

POLLOCK: How d'you do, boy?

BRENDAN: How do you do, sir?

POLLOCK: Forgive the intrusion. I was told you were here and I got a fire going.

(HE INDICATES THE SITTING ROOM DOOR.

POLLOCK INTERCEPTS SARAH JANE'S GLANCE AT BRENDAN AS THEY MOVE INTO THE SITTING ROOM.)

9) Int. Sit. Rm. Day.

SARAH JANE: That's very kind of you.

POLLOCK: I got used to just dropping in when your Aunt was here. The back door was open.

SARAH JANE: You live at Kingswood, don't you?

POLLOCK: I did. Your Aunt let me the East Wing a year ago. Better for the business.

(JASPER HAS FOLLOWED THEM IN FROM THE HALL.)

No!

(HE POINTS.

THE DOG GOES BACK TO THE HALL.)

Man's best friend must know his place. The most endearment in a dog is total obedience.

SARAH JANE: Do please

(SARAH JANE'S INVITATION
FOR POLLOCK TO SIT DOWN
IS INTERRUPTED BY THE
COMMANDER MAKING HIM-
SELF COMPLETELY AT HOME.)

How is the business?

POLLOCK: Couldn't be worse.
We've had two terrible years.
If we don't pick up next year
we go bankrupt. We operate
on a three year cycle. Every-
thing depends on the weather.

SARAH JANE: Pick-it-yourself
soft fruit?

POLLOCK: Everything. Last
spring was wet and warm and
that was all right. But the
week-ends were bad. A fine
Saturday in the summer and
4.000 customers use the shop.
Bad weather; forget it! The
year before we had two late
frosts; killed the lot.

SARAH JANE: Nothing under
glass?

POLLOCK: Only some propagat-
ing. You can't get the labour
here for high in-put, out-
put stuff. Not in this area.
South Coast maybe; not here.

SARAH JANE: I hope I can be
of some help.

POLLOCK: Your Aunt rather
left it to us.

SARAH JANE: Brendan says it's
all scientific these days.

POLLOCK: Does he?

BRENDAN: I've a friend whose
father

POLLOCK: Yes, I have friends
too. It's not only science.

POLLOCK: (CONTINUED.) It's common sense and experience. Mostly experience. Your Aunt was happy to leave it to me.

SARAH JANE: Oh, as I shall be. Make no mistake! I have work of my own to do.

POLLOCK: Capital!

SARAH JANE: But I'm a bit worried about her going off like that. Suddenly, without a word. She's never done anything like that before.

POLLOCK: She tried hard to reach you; I know that. And I think she sent a wire.

SARAH JANE: Not by telephone.

POLLOCK: Then I'd check with Lilly Gregson at the post office. Do you know who your Aunt's hosts are in America?

SARAH JANE: No, I think it was arranged by her agent.

POLLOCK: There you are, then.

SARAH JANE: But I'm not sure which.

POLLOCK: Somebody's bound to know.

(THE TELEPHONE RINGS.)

SARAH JANE: Excuse me.

(SHE ANSWERS TELEPHONE.)

778.

10) Int. Baker Sit. Rm. Day.

JUNO: Miss Smith?

11) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Day.

SARAH JANE: Yes.

(CROSS-CUTTING.)

JUNO: This is Juno Baker;
a friend of your Aunt's.

SARAH JANE: Hello.

JUNO: Hello, my dear. I
heard you had arrived. All's
well, I hope?

SARAH JANE: Yes, thank you.

JUNO: I wondered if you'd
like to come over for a drink
a little later. That's if
you're not too exhausted.

SARAH JANE: It's very kind
of you

JUNO: You might like to
meet some of the locals,
and we're only just a bit up
the road.

SARAH JANE: It's most kind
of you. Would you let me
think about it?

JUNO: Of course, my dear.
Don't feel pressed! Just
come if you feel like it.
We'll be delighted to see
you.

SARAH JANE: Thank you.
Goodbye.

12) Int. Baker Sit. Rm. Day.

(JUNO BAKER HANGS
UP AND TURNS TO FACE
HER HUSBAND.

HOWARD BAKER IS A
HANDSOME, AUTHORITATIVE
MAN IN HIS MIDDLE
FORTIES.)

JUNO: She'll come.

HOWARD: Good.

13) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Day.

POLLOCK: If you want my opinion, don't go! Keep away from them! Howard Baker's our biggest competitor. He's so big what he loses on the swings he gains on the roundabouts. We haven't got any roundabouts.

(HE GETS TO HIS FEET.)

I'll leave you to it.

(HE MAKES FOR THE DOOR,
FOLLOWED BY SARAH JANE.)

And a little more advice;
lock the back door!

(THEY GO OUT.

LEFT ALONE, BRENDAN
INSPECTS THE ROOM AND
BECOMES IMMEDIATELY
INTERESTED IN THE
PACKING CASE.

WHEN SARAH COMES BACK
SHE'S CARRYING A LARGE
SCREWDRIVER.)

BRENDAN: What's this?

SARAH JANE: Precisely what I
intend to find out.

(SHE ATTACKS THE CASE
AIDED BY BRENDAN.

THE TOP OF THE CASE IS
PRISED OFF REVEALL-
ING CONSIDERABLE PROT-
ECTIVE PACKING.)

Aunt Lavinia says she's had
it for years; stuck away in
the attic at Croydon.

(MOST OF THE PACKING
HAS BEEN REMOVED.)

BRENDAN: What is it?

SARAH JANE: Can't think.

(SHE TRIES TO LIFT
K9 OUT OF HIS CASE.)

Whatever it is it's very
heavy.

BRENDAN: Hold on!

(HE TAKES UP THE SCREW-
DRIVER AND PRISES
OFF THE SIDE OF THE
CASE.)

K9's ELEVATION IS
REVEALED.)

Looks just like a dog; a
metal dog.

(K9 IS EASED CLEAR OF
THE CASE AND INSPECTED
FROM ALL ANGLES.)

It's even got a name tag.
Nothing on it. It's a
mechanical dog. It's got
ears a tail.

SARAH JANE: No legs.

BRENDAN: Sort of cater-
pillar treads.

SARAH JANE: But what does
it do?

BRENDAN: We could try asking
it.

SARAH JANE: Chump!

(SARAH JANE'S FINGERS
WANDER OVER K9 WITH
THE OCCASIONAL PROD.)

SUDDENLY K9's EYES
LIGHT UP AND HIS OP-
ERATIONAL LIGHTS
COME ON.

HIS TAIL WAGS.)

NOTE: The format description of K9 acknowledges his "feelings".

K9; Mistress?

(SARAH JANE LOOKS
ACCUSINGLY AT BRENDAN.)

SARAH JANE: Don't muck about!

BRENDAN: It wasn't me.

K9; I spoke, mistress.

(SARAH JANE AND BRENDAN
ARE WIDE-EYED.)

SARAH JANE: What are you?

K9; I am K9, Mark Three.

SARAH JANE: K9, Mark Three?

K9; Affirmative.

BRENDAN: Canine!

(HE GOES OFF INTO
LOUD GUFFAWS.)

SARAH JANE: Brendan! Stop
honking!

(BRENDAN QUIETENS
DOWN.)

Where ... where are you from,
K9?

K9; From the Doctor.

SARAH JANE: From the Doctor?

K 9; Affirmative.

BRENDAN: Who's the Doctor?

SARAH JANE: (GREAT JOY.) You
can't mean the Doctor!

K9; My precise meaning, mistress. A gift to you.

SARAH JANE: (EYES SHINING.)
Doctor! You didn't forget.

BRENDAN: Who is this doctor?

K9; Affirmative.

SARAH JANE: He's ... (WHAT ELSE CAN SHE SAY?) a very great friend of mine. How is he, K9? I may call you K9?

K9; It is my designation, mistress.

SARAH JANE: How is he?

K9; No available data. What is the Earth year?

SARAH JANE: 1981. December 18th.

K9. The Doctor last spoke in one nine seven six Earth years. He said, "Give Sarah Jane Smith my fondest love. Tell her I shall remember her always."

SARAH JANE: Thank you, K9.

BRENDAN: You're a computer!

K9; Affirmative.

BRENDAN: And a robot?

K9; Affirmative.

(HE MOVES A LITTLE AWAY AND THEN TURNS TO FACE THEM.)

BRENDAN: I say! Just look at that! He's fantastic!

K9; Negative! An efficient machine.

BRENDAN: What a find! Tri-state bus driver?

K9; Affirmative.

SARAH JANE: (STARTLED.) Bus driver?

BRENDAN: A bus is a micro-chip distributing data throughout a mother-board.

SARAH JANE: Oh.

BRENDAN: And UART?

K9: Affirmative.

SARAH JANE: What's that?

BRENDAN:

(TOGETHER.) Universal,
K9; asynchronous, receiver,
transmitter.

SARAH JANE: (WHO DOESN'T) I
see.

BRENDAN: Nuclear battery?

K9: Affirmative.

BRENDAN: Self charging?

K9: Affirmative.

BRENDAN: And I'll bet he's
got a laser scan bubble memory.

K9: Affirmative.

BRENDAN: I just knew it!
(TO SARAH JANE.) There's
this hunk of crystal with
little magnetic bubbles in it.
They're so microscopic they
need a laser beam to scan
them. It means he's got an
integrated memory like the
human brain.

K9: Better.

BRENDAN: Well, quicker.

K9: Quicker and better.

SARAH JANE: Oh, please don't
start arguing! It's bound to
be way over my head. (MORE
TO HERSELF.) I wonder what
the Doctor would do?

K9: Mistress?

SARAH JANE: My Aunt left
here suddenly, K9; a couple
of weeks ago. and she's not

SARAH: (CONTINUED.) been in touch. And it's not like her. And I've got this feeling ... this intuition ... that there's something wrong. What would the ... what would you do?

K9: Insufficient data, mistress.

SARAH JANE: Oh, well.

K9: Curiosity cause of annihilation of feline species but also only means to human knowledge.

BRENDAN: Hey, that's good! Isn't that good?

SARAH JANE: That does it!

BRENDAN: What?

SARAH JANE: I'm going out.

BRENDAN: Where?

SARAH JANE: I don't know. I'll indulge my curiosity. I imagine you two will be able to amuse yourselves?

BRENDAN: You bet!

K9: Affirmative.

(SARAH JANE GOES OUT.)

TELECINE 4.

SARAH JANE'S car pulls up outside a village shop/post office.

SARAH JANE approaches the door and is baulked by the "Closed" sign on the door until she sees someone move inside.

A middle-aged woman appears on the inside of the door. She is LILLY GREGSON; a strong-looking earthy woman. A woman of the soil, of traditional peasant stock.

She makes "I am closed" signs and then opens the door.

LILLY: I'm closed, m'dear.

SARAH JANE: Really?

She looks at her watch.

LILLY: I close early ^{Early} ~~Thurs-~~ days.

SARAH JANE: Sorry. I'm new here.

LILLY is just about to close the door when;

LILLY: You wouldn't be from the Manor? Miss Lavinia's niece?

SARAH JANE: Yes, I am.

LILLY: That's different. Come in! Come in!

SARAH JANE: Thank you.

SARAH JANE passes into the shop.

She is watched from the other side of the road by a passing GEORGE TRACEY.

END TELECINE 4.

14) Int. Room rear of Shop. Day.

(LILLY LEADS THE WAY
INTO A HOMELY HOLE.

SARAH JANE FOLLOWS.)

LILLY: I've just made myself a cup of tea. Would you like one?

SARAH JANE: Very much. Thank you.

LILLY: Sit you down! Make yourself at home!

SARAH JANE: Thank you.

(LILLY SETS ABOUT
POURING TEA.)

LILLY: Did you want anything special?

SARAH JANE: I wanted to send a cable.

LILLY: No need to come here for that. You've got the telephone, haven't you?

SARAH JANE: There was something else.

LILLY: Ah!

SARAH JANE: Did my Aunt send me a telegram before she left? Through you, I mean?

LILLY: She was never near me for well over a fortnight. Didn't even drop in to say goodbye. Not like her. Want a drop of rum in it?

SARAH JANE: No thank you.

LILLY: Like a drop of rum in mine. Keeps the cold out.

15) Int. Manor Sit Rm. Day.

(K9 AND BRENDAN.)

BRENDAN: Know anything about market gardening, K9?

K9: Negative.

BRENDAN: Nothing?

K9; Affirmative.

BRENDAN: Hang about! How about horticulture?

K9; Data on horticulture available.

BRENDAN: Great! I'll get a pencil.

K9; Graphic notation unnecessary. Data print-out available.

BRENDAN: Terrific! All you know then.

K9; Available data considerable. Suggest specifics.

BRENDAN: All right. Soil analysis.

K9; For that soil sample required.

BRENDAN: Of course! You are clever K9!

K9; Affirmative.

BRENDAN: Be back in a moment. Stay!

(BRENDAN GOES OUT.

K9 MAKES A NOISE SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE A GRUNT.)

K9; Stay! Good boy, K9!

TELECINE 5.

BRENDAN moves from the house in the fading light.

BRENDAN moves into the open space of the market garden where the land is laid out in clearly marked areas.

There is but one green-house visible and that is near the garden's shop.

There would also be a large car-parking area.

BRENDAN stoops to examine the soil, takes a piece of paper from a pocket, scoops up a handful of earth and screws it into the piece of paper.

He is watched, surreptitiously, by GEORGE TRACEY.
END TELECINE 5.

16) Int. Rear of Shop. Night.

(SARAH JANE AND LILLY.)

LILLY: Absent-minded was she; your Auntie?

SARAH JANE: I don't think so. Not really.

LILLY: A lot of clever people are, I've found. Say they're going to do something and then forget it completely. Too much going on in here.

(SHE POINTS TO HER FOREHEAD.)

You're clever too, I hear. Work for a newspaper.

SARAH JANE: I did.

LILLY: Your Auntie would write to the "Chronicle." Letters and that.

SARAH JANE: Yes?

LILLY: Upset some people.

SARAH JANE: Did she? Why?

LILLY: Wrote about witchcraft.

SARAH JANE: Witchcraft?

LILLY: They're a bit sensitive around here about that. It's traditional, you see.

SARAH JANE: Is it?

LILLY: Your Auntie wouldn't know that, of course. She's only been here about two years.

SARH JANE: I didn't know my Aunt was interested in witchcraft.

LILLY: No more she is. But a lot of people hereabouts still believe that the Black Art makes the crops grow.

SARAH JANE: The Black Art?

LILLY: That's what your Auntie called it. Upset a lot of people.

SARAH JANE: Are you saying it's still going on?

LILLY: What?

SARAH JANE: The Black Art?

LILLY: Mercy, no! All that stopped years and years ago. But it doesn't stop people believing in it. Country people. Drop more tea?

SARAH JANE: No, thank you, Mrs. ... ?

LILLY: Gregson. But call me Lilly. Your Auntie does. Did you say you wanted to send a cable?

SARAH JANE: Yes, I did.

LILLY: I'll get you a form.

(SHE GOES OUT.

SARAH JANE IS
THOUGHTFUL.)

17) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Night.

(K9 AND BRENDAN.

BRENDAN IS CONNING
K9's PRINT OUT.

SARAH JANE COMES IN.)

BRENDAN: Sarah! Look! K9's
done a complete soil analysis.
And what's more comprehensive
chemical treatment for healthy,
advanced yield.

SARAH JANE: Nothing about
witchcraft?

BRENDAN: How do you mean?

SARAH JANE: Never mind.

BRENDAN: Find anything out
about Aunt Lavinia?

SARAH JANE: Not a lot. I'm
going to accept that invitation.

BRENDAN: What invitation?

SARAH JANE: From our neigh-
bours. The Bakers. I'm go-
ing over there for a drink.

18) Int. Baker Sit Rm. Night.

(WE ARE NOW ABLE TO SEE
MORE OF THE ROOM. IT
REFLECTS STYLE AND
GOOD-LIVING. THE BAKERS
ARE RICH.

THE ROOM IS FULL OF
GUESTS: THE SORT OF
PEOPLE YOU WOULD EX-
PECT IN SUCH SURR-
OUNDINGS.

A TAPE IS PLAYING AT
A DISCREET LEVEL.
SOMETHING BY SCHUMANN.

A DRINK IS HANDED
TO SARAH.)

HOWARD: Fruit cup. Not as innocuous as it looks.

(HE PASSES ON WITH
MORE DRINKS LEAVING
SARAH JANE WITH JUNO.)

JUNO: Give her time, my dear. Lavinia's an obsessive. She'll remember to get in touch with you when she's cleared her mental decks and not before. I know her of old.

SARAH JANE: How long have you known my Aunt?

JUNO: Since she moved here. Two years, isn't it? We natives are usually reserved with "foreigners" but we took to her at once. I'll not deny it was because she was something of a celebrity.

SARAH JANE: Was?

JUNO: Still is, of course. Take a good swig at that! It'll make you less ... prickly.

SARAH JANE: I'm sorry. It's just that I can't help feeling ...

(SHE LEAVES IT IN THE
AIR.)

JUNO: Of course you can't. What you need is distraction. You're a journalist. There's someone here you must meet.

(JUNO STEERS SARAH
JANE THROUGH THE
OTHER GUESTS TO A
MAN WHO, FOR THE
MOMENT, STANDS ALONE.

HE IS OVERWEIGHT,
BALDING AND FIFTY.)

Henry!

(THE MAN TURNS.

WE RECOGNISE HIM AS
A MEMBER OF THE
COVEN.)

JUNO: Here's someone you
simply must meet. Henry
Tobias; Sarah Jane Smith.

TOBIAS: Delighted!

SARAH JANE: How do you do?

JUNO: Henry's the editor of
the "Cotswold Chronicle."

19) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Night.

(K9 AND BRENDAN.)

BRENDAN: You have five
logic gates?

K9; Affirmative.

BRENDAN: And you can rely
on the logic gates and your
memory? You don't need
up-dating from time to time
with a "piggy-back board"?

K9; Affirmative, affirmative.

BRENDAN: Affirmative, affirm-
ative?

K9; To both questions;
affirmative.

20) Int. Manor Hall. Night.

(IN THE DARKENED HALL
TWO INDENTIFIABLE
INTRUDERS MOVE
STEALTHILY. SOME-
THING IS KNOCKED
OVER.

THE INTRUDERS FREEZE.)

21) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Night.

(K9 AND BRENDAN HAVE
HEARD THE NOISE.)

BRENDAN: Sarah?

(BRENDAN WAITS FOR A
MOMENT AND THEN MOVES
TO INVESTIGATE, GOING
OUT TO THE -

22) Int. Manor Hall. Night.

(BRENDAN SWITCHES ON
THE LIGHT.)

BRENDAN: Sarah?

(HE LOOKS TOWARDS THE
FRONT DOOR AND THEN
MOVES TOWARDS THE
REAR, NOT WITHOUT
MISGIVING.

THE FEET AND LEGS
OF THE INTRUDERS
LURK IN SHADOW.

THEY MOVE SUDDENLY
AND BRENDAN IS
GRAPPLING WITH HIS
UNIDENTIFIABLE
ASSAILANTS, CRYING
OUT IN INARTICULATE
FEAR.

K9 COMES FROM THE
SITTING ROOM, POS-
ITIONS HIMSELF, EX-
TENDS HIS BLASTER
AND FIRES.

ONE OF THE INTRUDERS
DROPS. THE OTHER
BLUNDERS TOWARDS
THE REAR DOOR WITH
A CRY OF SHEER
TERROR.

BRENDAN STOOPS TO
EXAMINE THE FALLEN
INTRUDER.

HE IS PETER TRACEY.

BRENDAN: Thanks, K9. What did you do?

K.9; Aggressor rendered insensible. Suggest he is pinioned.

(K9 MAKES OFF TOWARDS THE REAR DOOR IN PURSUIT OF THE OTHER INTERRUPTER.)

BRENDAN TAKES OFF HIS TIE AND BEGINS TO BIND PETER'S WRISTS.)

TELECINE 6.

K9 enters the market garden area.

Cut to the terror-stricken face of GEORGE TRACEY. He is pressed hard against a section of wall in partial shadow.

We see K9 moving about from his P.O.V.

TRACEY is making small, guttural noises, in mortal terror.

END TELECINE 6.

23) Int. Manor Hall. Night.

(PETER HAS COME ROUND. HE IS VERY FRIGHTENED.)

PETER: Let me go!

BRENDAN: Who are you?

PETER: You've got to leave here. You and the girl, you've got to get away!

BRENDAN: Why? Why did you attack me?

PETER: Please let me go.
And get away before they get
you.

BRENDAN: Who's they?

PETER: Get away! Just get
away! Go now! Now!

TELECINE 7.

K9 is moving this way
and that in the mar-
ket garden still
watched by the terror-
stricken GEORGE
TRACEY.

K9 makes a sharpish
turn and comes face
to face with a garden
gnome.

To avoid a collision
K9 swerves and bumps
into a length of timber
the disturbance of
which causes the coll-
apse of a stack of
similar posts. This,
in turn, results in
the violet sound of
breaking glass.

TRACEY, with a gurgle,
runs from his hiding
place.

END TELECINE 7.

24) Int. Manor Hall. Night.

(BRENDAN AND PETER HAVE
HEARD THE SOUND OF
BREAKING GLASS.

BRENDAN MOVES OFF TO-
WARDS THE REAR DOOR.

PETER STRUGGLES DES-
PERATELY TO FREE
HIMSELF.)

25) Int. Baker Sit. Rm. Night.

(SARAH JANE AND TOBIAS
STILL TOGETHER AMONG
THE GUESTS.)

TOBIAS: (LAUGHS.) You could call it a brouhaha, that's all. Your Aunt wrote a letter complaining that she'd found evidence of Black Magic rites being performed on her land. The correspondence page was quite lively for three weeks, but I'm sure it did your Aunt no personal harm.

SARAH JANE: You needn't have printed the letter.

TOBIAS: No, but it amused me, and I thought it might amuse other people. Nobody takes that sort of thing seriously anymore.

SARAH JANE: They don't?

TOBIAS: No. 'Though, I must confess, I very often wonder why not. There's so much evil about you have to look very hard for the good.

(DURING THIS WE HAVE
HEARD A DISTANT TELE-
PHONE RING AND THE
INSTRUMENT IS ANSWERED
IN THE BACKGROUND BY
HOWARD BAKER.)

SARAH JANE: That's if you believe what you read in the newspapers.

TOBIAS: Touché!

(JUNO JOINS THEM.)

JUNO: Are you earning your drink, Henry?

TOBIAS: Do I ever fail?
I hope I've persuaded Miss

Smith to contribute to the Chronicle. A personal column.

SARAH JANE: Gossip.

JUNO: How lovely!

(THEY ARE JOINED BY
HOWARD BAKER.)

HOWARD: Sorry to butt in.

(HE DRAWS HIS WIFE
A LITTLE APART.)

I've got to go out.

JUNO: Oh, Howard!

HOWARD: It won't be for long but I can't avoid it.

JUNO: That's what you always say. All right. Go on! Off! Off!

TOBIAS: Try the Cornell University Press.

SARAH JANE: I'm sorry.

TOBIAS: If you're still worried about your Aunt. The Cornell University Press. In New York.

SARAH JANE: Yes. Thank you. I hope to get a reply to a cable I sent today. To her agent there.

(TOBIAS PRODUCES A
WALLET FROM WHICH HE
TAKES A CARD TO HAND
TO SARAH JANE.)

TOBIAS: If ever I can be of help, don't hesitate!

26) Int. Manor Hall. Night.

(BRENDAN RE-ENTERS
FOLLOWED BY K9.)

BRENDAN: It wasn't your fault, K9.

K9; Garden goblin not in my memory.

BRENDAN: Of course not.

(PETER TRACEY HAS GONE.

BRENDAN PICKS UP HIS KNOTTED TIE.)

27) Int. Cottage Living Rm. Nght.

(THE LIVING ROOM OF A SMALL COUNTRY COTTAGE. IT IS WELL APPOINTED AND IN NO WAY SUGGESTS POVERTY OR RURAL SIMPLICITY.

GEORGE TRACEY STANDS BEFORE A SHADOWED, UNIDENTIFIABLE FIGURE.)

TRACEY: It was Hecate's familiar! A dog! A white dog! Belching fire! It got Peter! It got my son! I swear! I swear by Arianrod!

(PETER TRACEY BURSTS IN. HE SEES HIS FATHER'S VISITOR AND BLENCHES.

TRACEY'S SURPRISE AND RELIEF AT SEEING HIS SON IS INSTANTLY ERASED BY FEAR.)

You've led it here! Curse you! You've led it here!

PETER: What? He knocked me out. But I got away.

TRACEY: You've led it here!

PETER: What?

TRACEY: The dog!

PETER: What dog?

(TRACEY LOOKS TOWARDS
THE SHADOWED FIGURE.)

TRACEY: I swear. I swear.

28) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Night.

(SARAH JANE WITH K9
AND BRENDAN. SHE
STILL WEARS HER OUT
DOOR CLOTHES.)

SARAH JANE: I locked the back
door. I know I did. And
you didn't find out who he was?

BRENDAN: He wouldn't say.
All he kept saying was that
we should get away from here.

SARAH JANE: What did he
look like?

BRENDAN: About twenty or so.
Dark. A bit like a gypsy.

SARAH JANE: Did K9 see him?

BRENDAN: He did more than
that. He clobbered him.
You should have seen it.

SARAH JANE: Well done, K9.

(SHE GIVES HIM A PAT
AND K9 WAGS HIS TAIL.)

K9; Mistress.

SARAH: I'll see to this in
the morning. There's nothing
we can do tonight except lock
every door and window in the
place. Come on!

TELECINE 8.

In the market garden
near the damaged
greenhouse. Day.

sat. 19th
~~Friday~~, December 18th,
1981.

POLLOCK with his dog,
 "Jasper", and TRACEY
 are surveying the damage
 when they're joined by
 SARAH JANE and BRENDAN.

POLLOCK: Good morning! Did
 you hear anything of this
 last night?

SARAH JANE: I was out. Over
 at the Bakers.

POLLOCK: Ah. You didn't see
 a large white dog about here,
 or over by the chapel?

SARAH JANE: No.

POLLOCK: George says a dog
 did this. Look at it! If
 it shows its nose I'll let
 Jasper tear it to pieces.

"Jasper" growls in
 confirmation.

SARAH JANE and BRENDAN
 exchange the briefest
 of glances.

SARAH JANE: My guess is that
 whoever attacked Brendan did
 this.

POLLOCK: What?

SARAH JANE: Brendan was att-
 acked by two men last night.

POLLOCK: Is this true, boy?

SARAH JANE: Do you doubt
 my word?

POLLOCK: What? Of course
 not! Don't be so touchy!
 What happened?

BRENDAN: Sarah was out. I
 heard somebody in the hall.
 I went out and they jumped
 me, and then

SARAH JANE steps on
 his foot.

BRENDAN: (CONTINUED.) ...
one ran off and I managed
to fight off the other.

POLLOCK: Did you know who
he was?

BRENDAN: No.

POLLOCK: Would you recog-
nise him again?

BRENDAN: Oh, yes!

POLLOCK: Good! We must
tell the police.

SARAH JANE: I already have.
They're sending over someone
to take a statement.

POLLOCK: Good! Bit fright-
ening for you. Something
new for round here. Anything
missing?

SARAH JANE: No.

POLLOCK: That's something,
I suppose. Let's hope the
police turn up something and
the insurance company coughs
up. Upwards of five hund-
red quid's worth of damage
here.

SARAH JANE: What do you grow
in this area?

TRACEY: Three varieties of
winter cabbage. Lettuce in
season. We rotate that
every ten days. Plough in
what we don't sell.

BRENDAN stoops and
scoops up and hand-
ful of earth.

He sniffs it.

POLLOCK and TRACEY
exchange a look.

BRENDAN prods the
soil in his hand and
takes another sniff.

BRENDAN: pH of about nine I'd say. Isn't that too alkaline?

TRACEY: What would you suggest? A few hundred kilos of ammonium sulphate?

BRENDAN: Not as much as that.

TRACEY: No.

He points about the area.

Over there we've got a pH of four. Over there it's six. Over there it's as much as eleven. There's more to growing than science. I've got work to do.

TRACEY stalks off..

POLLOCK chuckles.

POLLOCK: I'm afraid you've hurt poor George's feelings. There's nothing much he doesn't know about the care of the soil. Don't make the mistake, young feller-me-lad, that it's all in books. Science can't control the elements. At least, not yet.

He points.

See that apple orchard over there? Last September, just before we were due to pick, we had a thirteen second hail storm. Thirteen seconds. Stripped the lot. Seven thousand quid. I stood and watched it. Over five hundred quid a second.

SARAH JANE: How dreadful! But you were insured?

POLLOCK: Insured? You've got to be joking. Act of God.

In the distance a police car appears.

POLLOCK: There's your copper.
Off you go.

SARAH JANE: See you later.

POLLOCK: Yes.

SARAH JANE and
BRENDAN move away
towards the Manor.

Come on, Jasper. We're
going dog-hunting.

Cut to SARAH JANE
and BRENDAN nearing
the police car and
a young, agreeable
P.C. CARTER.

SARAH JANE: Good morning.

CARTER: Miss Smith?

SARAH JANE: Yes. You'd
better come inside.

END TELECINE 8.

29) Int. Cottage. Day.

(GEORGE AND PETER
TRACEY.)

TRACEY: You'll do as you're
told.

PETER: I can't.

TRACEY: You haven't got
any choice. The boy knows
you. You've nothing to
lose and everything to
gain.

PETER: What are you going
to do with him?

TRACEY: None of your con-
cern.

PETER: Yes, it is.

TRACEY: He's nothing! He
means nothing!

PETER: He's only a kid!

TRACEY: Yes! Now you

TRACEY: (CONTINUED.) get him!

PETER: If I get caught they'll put me inside.

TRACEY: You mean you'll get yourself caught? You'll be safe inside? You know better than that. You'll be no safer in prison than I am here. Hecate will seek you out ... will seek me out ... and her revenge will be terrible. You know that.

(PETER BREAKS DOWN.)

30) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Night.

(SARAH JANE SITS AT HER TYPEWRITER, WORKING.

K9 IS AT REST IN FRONT OF THE FLICKERING FIRE.

BRENDAN IS YAWNING OVER A BOOK AND IS SPOTTED BY SARAH JANE.)

SARAH JANE: Isn't it about time you turned in?

BRENDAN: Are you going to tap away at that thing all night?

SARAH JANE: It wouldn't be the first time.

BRENDAN: Oh, Lord!

SARAH JANE: Go on! Off you go!

BRENDAN: All right.

SARAH JANE: And make sure everything's locked up!

BRENDAN: You don't have to remind me. Good night!

SARAH JANE: 'Night.

BRENDAN: Goodnight, K9.

K9: Reciprocated.

(BRENDAN GOES OUT TO-

31) Int. Manor Hall. Night.

(BRENDAN GLANCES AT
THE FRONT DOOR AND
THEN MAKES HIS WAY
TO THE REAR.

HE TRIES THE DOOR
WHICH, TO HIS SUR-
PRISE, IS OPEN.

HE HEARS A "Pst!"
FROM OUTSIDE, OPENS
THE DOOR WIDE AND
LOOKS OUT.

ANOTHER "Pst!" AND
HE GOES FROM VIEW.

WE HEAR A MUFFLED
CRY AND A SCUFFLING.

SILENCE.

THEN PETER TRACEY
COMES IN AND LOCKS
THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

HE MAKES HIS WAY
QUIETLY TO THE FRONT
DOOR AND LETS HIM-
SELF OUT.

TELECINE 9.

CS HAND HOLDING
PLIERS. THE PLIERS
CUT THROUGH A TELE-
PHONE CABLE.

END TELECINE 9

32) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Night.

(SARAH JANE LEAVES
HER TYPEWRITER TO
SELECT A REFERENCE
BOOK FROM THE

SHELVES.

HER ATTENTION IS CAUGHT
BY SOMETHING AND SHE
LOOKS CLOSER AT A
NUMBER OF BOOKS WHICH
SHE REMOVES FROM THE
SHELVES.)

SARAH JANE: That's interest-
ing.

K9: Mistress?

SARAH JANE: Some books on
witchcraft.

(SHE BRINGS THEM
TO K9 AT THE FIRE.

CS FIRE.

MIX

(CS COLD GRATE. DAY.

SUNDAY, DEC. 20th 1981.

K9 IS ALONE IN THE
SITTING ROOM.

SARAH JANE COMES IN.)

SARAH JANE: His bed's not
been slept in.

(SHE PICKS UP THE TEL-
EPHONE, RATTLES THE
CONNECTION PINS.)

Dead! Right! I'm pretty
sure who it was who attacked
Brendan on Friday night.

(SHE MAKES FOR THE
DOOR.)

K9: Mistress?

(SARAH JANE STOPS.)

I must accompany.

SARAH JANE: How, K9? The
Commander's only got to clap
eyes on you.

K9: Suggestion, Mistress?

SARAH JANE: What?

TELECINE 10.

CS SARAH JANE'S hold-all. She carries it with some difficulty as she approaches the TRACEY cottage.

She knocks on the front door and, after a moment, tries it.

The door is open.
She goes in.

END TELECINE 10.

33) Int. Cottage. Day.

(SARAH JANE COMES
IN WITH THE HOLD-ALL
WHICH SHE PUTS DOWN
WITH RELIEF.)

SARAH JANE: Anybody home?

(SHE WAITS.)

I somehow didn't think there
would be. Come on!

(SHE PICKS UP THE
HOLD-ALL AGAIN.)

K9: (MUFFLED.) Mistress!

SARAH JANE: What?

K9: Leave me here!

SARAH JANE: Leave you here?

K9: Affirmative.

(SARAH JANE PUTS DOWN
THE HOLD-ALL.)

SARAH JANE: What have you
got in mind?

K9: Request removal from
encumbrance.

(SARAH JANE TAKES K9
FROM HER HOLD-ALL.

K9 REVOLVES TO LOOK
ABOUT THE ROOM THEN
MOVES OUT OF SIGHT
BEHIND SOME FURNITURE.)

SARAH JANE: I've no time
to muck about, K9.

K9: (O.O.V.) Will report
after dark, Mistress.

SARAH JANE: Oh!

(SHE THINKS ABOUT THE
IDEA.)

Yes. All right. Good luck!

(SHE PICKS UP HER HOLD-
ALL AND GOES.)

TELECINE 11.

Near the market garden
shop.

POLLOCK waits near a
land rover, watching
SARAH JANE approach
him.

POLLOCK: Good morning!

SARAH JANE: Have you seen
Brendan?

POLLOCK: Brendan? Not
this morning.

SARAH JANE: He's missing.

POLLOCK: Missing?

SARAH JANE: Since last night.
His bed's not been slept in.

POLLOCK: Are you sure?

SARAH JANE: Quite sure.
I'm going to the police.

POLLOCK: I'll come with you.

He indicates the land
rover.

POLLOCK: (CONTINUED.) Hop
into this!

They move towards the
landrover.

SARAH JANE: Is Peter Tracey
about this morning?

POLLOCK: He'll be working
somewhere. Why?

SARAH JANE: Brendan des-
cribed one of the men who
attacked him on Fiday night.
He described Peter Tracey.

POLLOCK stps by the
land-rover.

POLLOCK: I don't like the
sound of that. We'll never
replace George. They don't
come any better.

Cut to GEORGE
TRACEY at the corner
of the shop building.
He watches as, in the
distance, the land-
rover drives off.

END TELECINE 11.

34) Int. Police Sta. Day.

(P. C. CARTER IS BEHIND
A SECTION OF COUNTER
WRITING IN A LARGE BOUND
BOOK.

BEHIND HIM, SAT AT A
TABLE WITH HIS BACK
TO US, IS A SERGEANT
LISTENING ON A TELE-
PHONE.

SARAH JANE AND POLLOCK
COME INTO SHOT.

CARTER IS DELIGHTED TO
SEE SARAH JANE.

CARTER: Miss Smith! Good
morning! 'Morning Commander!

POLLOCK: 'Morning!

SARAH JANE: Brendan Richards,
the boy who was attacked on
Friday night

CARTER: Sorry, Miss Smith,
we've come up with

SARAH JANE: He's now missing.

CARTER: Missing?

SARAH JANE: Disappeared.
And I believe that a man ...

POLLOCK: Now steady!

SARAH JANE: I'm sorry, Comm-
ander. I believe a man
called Peter Tracey is some-
thing to do with it.

(CARTER LOOKS WORRIED
AND TURNS TOWARDS THE
SERGEANT WHO GLANCES
AT THEM.)

WILSON: I'll call you back.

(HE HANGS UP AND TURNS
FULLY TO THEM.

WE RECOGNISE HIM AS
A MEMBER OF THE COVEN.)

CARTER: The boy who was
attacked the other night ...

WILSON: I heard. Are you
sure?

SARAH JANE: Quite sure.

WILSON: How long's he been
missing?

SARAH JANE: Since last night.
His bed wasn't slept in.

WILSON: Did he go out perhaps?

SARAH JANE: I'm sure he
didn't.

WILSON: Any evidence of a
break in? Anything like that?

SARAH JANE: Nothing.

WILSON: What makes you think Peter Tracey is involved?

SARAH JANE: (TO CARTER)
Doesn't he fit Brendan's description?

(CARTER LOOKS UN-
HAPPILY AT WILSON.)

WILSON: This is a tricky one, Commander.

(SARAH JANE LOOKS
AT POLLOCK.)

POLLOCK: Peter got a suspended sentence six months ago. Housebreaking. In a sense he's in his father's custody.

SARAH JANE: Then what are we waiting for?

WILSON: Peter's also missing. His father came to us last night.

(SARAH JANE LOOKS AT
THEM ALL IN TURN.)

SARAH JANE: What's going on here? My Aunt goes off mysteriously, then Brendan's attacked, and then he disappears. What's the matter with this place?

WILSON: (GENTLY) Try not to worry, Miss Smith. We'll put out a general alert. The wisest thing for you to do is to stay by the 'phone.

SARAH JANE: Even that's out of order.

(SHE MARCHES OFF.

POLLOCK, AFTER A
SYMPATHETIC LOOK AT
WILSON, FOLLOWS HER.)

TELECINE 12.

SARAH JANE and
POLLOCK leave the
police station and
head for the land-
rover.

SARAH JANE: I want to talk
to George Tracey. I'm sure
he knows something about all
this.

They have reached the
land rover and climb
aboard.

LILLY GREGSON comes
up to them. She
carries a shopping
basket and an abund-
ance of holly and
mistletoe.

LILLY: Hello, dear! Have
you heard from your Auntie?

SARAH JANE: No, not yet.

LILLY: Oh! Never mind.
No news is good news. If
I don't see you before;
merry Christmas.

SARAH JANE: And to you.

LILLY watches the
land rover as it
drives off.

END TELECINE 12.

35) Int. Cottage. Day.

(A KNOCK ON THE
DOOR. IT OPENS
AND POLLOCK AND
SARAH JANE COME IN.)

POLLOCK: (CALLING) George!
Not here either. He'll be
looking for his son. Or
he might have gone to his
mother's in Cirencester.
He usually does on Sundays.
He'll be back later.

(POLLOCK GOES.

SARAH HANGS BACK FOR
A MOMENT.)

SARAH JANE: (WHISPER) K9?

K9; (O.O.V.) Mistress.

(SARAH JANE GOES
OUT.)

TELECINE 13.

SARAH JANE walking
towards the manor
with POLLOCK.

POLLOCK: You're more than
welcome to come and wait
with me.

SARAH JANE: That's very
kind, but I'll have a go
at some work. That might
help.

POLLOCK: Please yourself.
I'll report your 'phone and
call round if I hear any-
thing.

SARAH JANE: Thank you.

They are watch^{ed} from
a distance by
GEORGE TRACEY
hugging cover.

END TELECINE 13.

36) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Night.

(SARAH JANE INACTIVE
AT HER TYPEWRITER.)

SARAH JANE: Oh, Brendan,
where the devil are you!

37) Int. Cellar. Night.

(CAMERA PANS TO FIND
BRENDAN WRAPPED IN
BLANKETS AGAINST THE
COLD. HIS EYES ARE
CLOSED.)

38) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Night.

(SARAH JANE PACES
RESTLESSLY, LOOKS AT
HER WATCH, PICKS UP
HER COAT AND GOES.

CLOSE ON THE BOOKS
ON WITCHCRAFT WHERE
SHE LEFT THEM.)

39) Int. Cottage. Night.

(CAMERA PANS FROM THE
AREA OF K9'S HIDING
PLACE TO FIND WILSON
WITH GEORGE TRACEY.)

WILSON: Where is the boy?

TRACEY: I'll not tell you.

WILSON: I can guess. This
is madness. It's criminal!

TRACEY: It's survival!

WILSON: No! Not at that
price!

TRACEY: You are bound.

WILSON: There hasn't been a
human sacrifice since 1891.

TRACEY: You are bound by
your oath.

WILSON: I'm a policeman.

TRACEY: Hecate's law is
higher. She has sent her
familiar ... the white dog
... to warn us. Unless
she is appeased she will
destroy us all.

(WILSON TAKES THIS
VERY SERIOUSLY.

HE IS TORN BETWEEN
HIS FAITH AND HIS
MORAL DUTY.
HE GOES SUDDENLY.

TRACEY REACHES FOR
THE TELEPHONE.)

TELECINE 14.

SARAH JANE watching,
in hiding, near the
cottage.

She sees WILSON
leave. Recognising
him, she is on the
point of calling to
him but something
stops her. She
watches the police-
man wheel his bicycle
into the darkness.

END TELECINE 14.

40) Int. Cottage. Night.

(TRACEY PUTS DOWN THE
TELEPHONE AND LEAVES.)

A BEAT OR TWO AND K9
COMES INTO VIEW.

THE DOOR OPENS AND
SARAH JANE PUTS HER
HEAD IN CAUTIOUSLY.)

SARAH JANE: K9?

K9: Brendan in great
danger, Mistress.

TELECINE 15.

WILSON on his bicycle,
going fast.

END TELECINE 15.

41) Int. Cottage. Night.

(SARAH JANE AND K9.)

SARAH JANE: Witches!

(SHE POUNCES ON THE
TELEPHONE AND CHANGES
HER MIND.)

SARAH JANE: Come on, K9!
Quickly!

TELECINE 16.

WILSON pedalling
fast.

Cut to SARAH JANE
settling into her car
and roaring off,
K9 in the passenger
seat.

Cut to WILSON going
fast. He sees
something ahead and
slows down. He
comes to a stop and
pears ahead.

WILSON: Who's there?

He waits.

Is anyone there?

Slowly he is suffused
by an eerie light.
His eyes go wide in
horror. His mouth
opens but no sound
will come.

The light intensifies
accompanied by a
shrill, demonic
sound.

Cut to SARAH JANE.
Her foot's well down.
She sees something in
her lights and
slows.

The car stops and
she jumps from it
run ahead. She
passes WILSON'S
bicycle and reaches
him.

WILSON lies in the
road on his back,
his eyes and mouth

open in death.

On SARAH JANE, distraught.

END TELECINE 16.

42) Int. Pollock's Den. Night.

POLLOCK: Witches?

(WE ARE IN HIS STUDY.

IT IS SMALL, VERY
UNTIDY AND CLUTTERED
WITH THE BRICABAC OF
A COUNTRYMAN.)

George? And Vince Wilson?

SARAH JANE: You've got to
believe me!

POLLOCK: You heard them?

SARAH JANE: (AFTER A
SLIGHT HESITATION.) Yes.

POLLOCK: You don't seem
sure.

SARAH JANE: You've simply
got to believe me!

POLLOCK: All right! All
right! They took Wilson
to the hospital?

SARAH JANE: Yes.

POLLOCK: What did they say?

SARAH JANE: That it looked
like shock.

POLLOCK: No. The police.
You told them what you've
just told me?

SARAH JANE: I don't think
they believed me.

POLLOCK: Hardly surprising
is it? A police sergeant
a witch?

SARAH JANE: (PLEADING) But
you do?

POLLOCK: (NOT WITHOUT HUM-
OUR.) I've got to, you told
me.

SARAH JANE: Oh, thank you!

POLLOCK: Come on!

TELECINE 17.

By a section of
ruined stone wall
a shadowy group
rings a frightened
PETER TRACEY.

Close to PETER and
his father is
HENRY TOBIAS.

TRACEY: You have always
wanted to be let in.

PETER: No!

TRACEY: You've been chosen.

PETER: No!

TRACEY: You will be in-
iated tonight.

PETER: No!

TRACEY: We must be com-
plete for the solstice.

PETER: No!

TRACEY: Then be sure you
go like Vince Wilson to
everlasting fire.

PETER'S terror-
stricken face.

END TELECINE 17.

43) Int. Cottage. Night.

(SARAH JANE IS JOINED
BY POLLOCK WHO HAS
JUST LEFT THE FLIGHT
OF STAIRS TO THE ROOMS
ABOVE.)

POLLOCK: Nobody. There's
nothing we can do tonight.
We'll get to the bottom of
this at first light. I'll
take you back. Lock every
door in the place!

TELECINE 18.

In the dark, ruinous
interior overgrown
with vegetation the
coven performs the
initiation ceremony.

Within the circle
the High Priest stands
behind the alter,
the High Priestess
before it, her arms
extended above her
head.

Before her stands
PETER. He is robed.

HIGH PRIESTESS: (VOICE
DISTORTED AND UNIDENTIFIABLE)
I invoke thee and call upon
thee, O Mighty Mother of all,
Bringer of all fruitfulness
by seed and root, by stem and
bud, by leaf and flower and
fruit, by life and love do
we invoke thee to descend
upon the body of thy servant
and priestess!

COVEN: Hecate, Hecate, Hecate
... ..

Mix to

LS Manor in early
morning light.

Mon. Dec. 21st 1981.

END TELECINE 18.

44) Int. Pollock's Den. Day.

(THE ROOM IS IN MORE
DISARRAY THAN BEFORE.

THE DOOR IS OPEN.)

SARAH JANE: (O.O.V.) Comman-
der?

(SHE COMES IN AND IS
ALARMED TO FIND THE
ROOM EMPTY.

SHE RUSHES OUT.)

(A CRY OF ANGUISH.) Commander!

45) Int. Bakers' Sit. Rm. Day.

(CLOSE UP SARAH JANE)

SARAH JANE: and now
he's gone and I've no one
else to turn to.

(SHE IS WITH JUNO AND
HOWARD BAKER.)

JUNO: You were perfectly
right to come. But Bill will
be about somewhere. He won't
have disappeared.

SARAH JANE: But he has!
I'd arranged to meet him ...
... all the doors were open
... .. his coat there.

(HOWARD BRINGS HER
A TOT OF BRANDY.)

HOWARD: Here! Try this!

(SARAH JANE LOOKS AT
THEM BOTH IN TURN,)

SARAH JANE: You don't be-
lieve a word of it, do you?

JUNO: My dear, you're up-
set.

SARAH JANE: Of course I'm
upset! The police politely
suggesting that I'm nuts and

SARAH JANE: (CONTINUED.) you humouring me. I didn't imagine it all. I'm compos mentis and an experienced journalist.

HOWARD: Of course you are, but there must be a rational explanation for all this.

SARAH JANE: Am I being irrational?

HOWARD: Wilson died of a heart attack last night.

SARAH JANE: Am I saying he didn't?

JUNO: My dear ... witches ... black magic ... it's all very romantic but this is 1981.

SARAH JANE: Aunt Lavinia found evidence.

JUNO: Relics? I'm sure they're found all over the Country.

SARAH JANE: You're calling me a liar.

HOWARD: (GENTLY) No, we're not. Where were you when you overheard Tracey and Wilson?

SARAH JANE: (AGAIN THE SLIGHT HESITATION.) Outside the Tracey cottage.

HOWARD: They were how far away?

SARAH JANE: They were inside.

HOWARD: Ah! Isn't it just possible that you misheard part of what they had to say?

SARAH JANE: No. It is not possible.

(THEY ALL LOOK HARD
AT ONE/ANOTHER.

SARAH JANE IS AT THE
END OF HER TETHER.

SHE COVERS HER FACE
WITH HER HANDS, TRY-
ING DESPERATELY NOT
TO GIVE WAY.

THE BAKERS EXCHANGE
A LOOK AND JUNO MOVES
TO SIT NEXT TO SARAH
JANE, PUTTING AN ARM
ABOUT HER.)

JUNO: Darling! Why don't
you go home and put your
feet up? I'll ring Dr.
Perry and ask him to drop
in. Howard'll find Bill
for you. And he'll get
your telephone fixed. He's
not without some pull round
here.

SARAH JANE: (TIGHTLY.) Yes.
Thank you very much.

46) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Day.

(K9 IS SURROUNDED BY
OPEN BOOKS.

HE IS SCANNING ONE
WITH THE ASSISTANCE
OF HIS PROBE.

HE HEARS A SOUND IN
THE HALL AND POS-
ITIONS HIMSELF DEF-
ENSIVELY.

SARAH JANE COMES IN.)

SARAH JANE: K9 I'm at my
wit's end! What can I do?
What can I do?

K9: Am able to serve, Mist-
ress. Require large scale
map of area.

SARAH JANE: What for?

K9: Is map available?

SARAH JANE: Ordnance Survey.
I've seen one.

(SHE BEGINS TO SEARCH.)

K9; Data witchcraft in England available. Primitive traditional belief in rural areas cosmic forces control weather to secure crops. Occult ceremonies invoke such forces. Most important ceremony falls on winter solstice; December 22nd.

SARAH JANE: That's tomorrow.

(SHE FINDS THE MAP)

Here! What do you want it for?

(SARAH JANE IS UNFOLDING THE MAP.)

K9; Witches power increased by hallowed ground.

SARAH JANE: Churches!

K9; Affirmative!

(SARAH JANE HAS THE MAP OPEN AND SPREAD.)

What signifies a church?

SARAH JANE: A black oblong or ball with a cross on top.

(K9 RAPIDLY SCANS THE MAP.)

K9; Within what radius?

SARAH JANE: Say five miles.

K9; There are eight.

SARAH JANE: Can you work out the quickest route to look at all of them?

K9; Affirmative.

SARH JANE: We'll go now.

SARAH JANE: (CONTINUED.)
We've got until tomorrow
night.

K9; Negative, Mistress.
December 22nd begins after
midnight tonight.

(SARAH JANE IS ROCKED
BY THIS AND THEN
IMMEDIATELY FRIGHT-
ENED BY THE UNEXPECTED-
NESS OF THE TELEPHONE
RINGING.

SHE RUSHES TO ANSWER
IT.)

SARAH JANE: Yes?

47) Int. Bakers' Sit. Rm. Day.

(JUNO ON THE TELEPHONE.)

JUNO: My dear, I thought I'd
check the telephone was all
right again. How are you
feeling?

(CROSS-CUTTING.)

SARAH JANE: (GUARDED.) A
little better, thank you.

JUNO: Oh, good! Listen,
my dear! I've been talking
to Howard. We don't think
you should be on your own.
Come over to dinner!

SARAH JANE: Tonight?

JUNO: Yes. Take your mind
off things. And by then we
might have some news for you.

SARAH JANE: It's very kind
of you, but I am a bit tired.

JUNO: Oh, we won't be late.
We'll have you tucked up in
bed long before midnight.

SARAH JANE: It's more than kind of you but I'd be very poor company.

JUNO: All right, my dear. But if you should change your mind we'll be delighted to see you.

SARAH JANE: Thanks again. Goodbye.

JUNO: Goodbye.

(SHE HANGS UP AND LOOKS WORRIED.)

48) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Day.

SARAH JANE: Come on, K9!

TELECINE 19.

SARAH JANE'S car roaring along a country road, K9 in the passenger seat.

Cut to a farm tractor. We do not see the driver. The tractor engine is started.

Cut to SARAH JANE'S car.

It is approaching a crossroads bordered by high hedges.

Cut to the tractor.

A hand jams the throttle down with a length of wood and then releases the hand brake.

Cut to SARAH JANE'S car.

Suddenly the tractor is in SARAH JANE'S path. She sees it in terror.

By superb handling she just manages to miss the tractor which careers on into a hedge.

Cut to SARAH JANE.

SARAH JANE: Cripes! That was near! Could someone be trying to kill me, K9?

K9: A possibility, Mistress.

Cut to HOWARD BAKER walking in Moreton Hawood.

He exchanges seasonal greetings with a few passers by and goes into the police station.

Cut to SARAH JANE'S car parked near a ruin.

It is dusk.

SARAH JANE comes to the car from the ruin.

SARAH JANE: Three down, five to go.

END TELECINE 19.

49) Int. Cellar. Night.

(BRENDAN AS BEFORE.

HE OPENS HIS EYES
AT THE SOUND OF
APPROACHING FEET
AND A DOOR BEING
UNLOCKED.

A BROAD BAND OF
LIGHT HITS BRENDAN.
HE BLINKS.

SHADOWS APPROACH HIM.)

TELECINE 20

Night.

SARAH JANE'S torch
illuminating a ruined
wall.

She moves to get back
into the car.

Inside she shines the
torch onto the map.

SARAH JANE: Two more to go.

She looks at her
watch.

And it's nearly eleven.
Oh, K9! What am I going to
do?

K9'S probe is
scanning the map.

K9: Significance of simple
cross?

SARAH JANE thinks
for a moment.

SARAH JANE: A chapel.

K9: Chapel?

SARAH JANE: A sort of church.

K9: Please be specific.

SARAH JANE: A private one.
One with no parish.

K9: There is one at the
Manor.

SARAH JANE switches
on, goes into gear
and roars off.

Cut to the Chapel.

The burning cauldron and
a low chanting.

The coven assembles before
the High Priest and High
Priestess in their horned
masks.

PETER TRACEY is in evi-
dence.

Cut to SARAH JANE'S
car roaring through
the night. A grim-
faced SARAH JANE.

Cut to the Chapel.

The chanting.

BRENDAN is brought into
the circle by GEORGE
TRACEY and HENRY TOBIAS.

BRENDAN is splendidly
robed and his eyes are
dull and heavy with
drug.

Cut to SARAH JANE'S
car parked outside a
public telephone box
with the engine
running.

SARAH JANE leaves the
box and jumps into
the car.

SARAH JANE: I know they
still don't believe me.

She roars off.

Cut to the Chapel.

The chanting.

BRENDAN is supported
in front of the High
Priestess receiving the
blessing.

Cut to SARAH JANE'S
car.

It roars on.

Cut to the Chapel.

The chanting.

BRENDAN is now being
bourne to the alter.

Cut to SARAH JANE'S
car pulling up near
the Manor.

SARAH JANE jumps out.

K9: Mistress!

SARAH JANE stops.

Imperative I accompany.

Almost impatiently
SARAH JANE lifts K9
from the car and runs
off. K9 follows.

Cut to the Chapel.

The chanting.

BRENDAN is now naked
on the alter. The
ritual proceeds.

Cut to SARAH JANE
running.

Cut to K9 following.

Cut to the Chapel.

The chanting.

The ritual is nearing
its climax. The chalice
and sacrificial knife
are being blessed.

Cut to SARAH JANE
reaching a gash in the
Chapel wall.

She looks in; stops

herself yelling
"Brenda!"

She begins to move
forward.

K9; (O.O.V.) Mistress!

SARAH JANE turns.

I must precede.

SARAH JANE lets
him go ahead of her.

The chanting heightens.

The High Priest raises
the knife on high.

K9 extends his blaster.

The High Priest is
cut down.

As the High Priestess
moves K9 blasts again.
She too goes down.

Pandemonium in the coven.

Some are on their knees
in terror of Hecate's
familiar calling
"Hecate! Hecate!"

Some run to be blasted
by K9 or cut down by
SARAH JANE'S karate.

One of these last is
HENRY TOBIAS.

SARAH JANE: Put that in
your leader next week!

Then a number of
policemen break from
the cover of the
trees to round up
those of the coven
left on their feet.

Our policemen are wonder-
ful if you give them a
little encouragement.

SARAH JANE runs to the aid of BRENDAN who has been covered. He falls into her arms.

The High Priestess is unmasked. She is LILLY GREGSON.

SARAH JANE is shocked.

She is even more shocked when the High Priest is unmasked. He is none other than POLLOCK.

END TELECINE 20.

50) Int. Bakers' Sit. Rm. Night.

(THERE IS EVIDENCE OF DISCARDED FESTIVE DECORATIONS LIKE PAPER PARTY HATS.

SARAH JANE AND BRENDAN ARE HAPPILY RELAXED WITH JUNO.

HOWARD COMES IN.)

HOWARD: You're a great hit with the Chief Constable.

JUNO: I thought he'd never go.

HOWARD: He says Pollock and the others will be up before the peak on the 29th. Attempted murder.

(SARAH JANE GIGGLES.)

SARAH JANE: You'll never believe this

JUNO: Oh, dear! Not again.

SARAH JANE: At one time I thought you were they.

JUNO: They?

SARAH JANE: Witches!

JUNO: Oh, did you?

(THE GENERAL LAUGHTER IS INTERRUPTED BY THE

TELEPHONE.

IT'S ANSWERED BY HOWARD.)

HOWARD: Baker. Oh, hello, Lavinia! And a very merry Christmas to you. Yes, she is.

(HE HOLDS OUT THE TELEPHONE TO SARAH JANE.)

SARAH JANE: Aunt Lavinia?

51) Int. Hotel Rm. Night.

(NO MORE THAN ONE FLAT.)

LAVINIA: Merry Christmas, dear.

(CROSS-CUTTING)

SARAH JANE: Merry Christmas!

LAVINIA: What are you doing there?

SARAH JANE: Brendan and I had Christmas dinner.

LAVINIA: That was nice of them.

SARAH JANE: Yes, they are.

LAVINIA: But I'd wish you had let me know, dear. It's taken me simply hours to ...

SARAH JANE: But Aunt Lavinia, I didn't know where you were. You never ...

LAVINIA: I'm in Minnesota, dear.

SARAH JANE: Ha! Ha!

LAVINIA: Not Minnehaha, dear. Minnesota.

(ON SARAH JANE AS LAVINIA GOES ON ...)

52) Int. Manor Sit. Rm. Night.

(K9 IS IN FRONT OF THE
DYING FIRE.

HE IS SCANNING AN
OPEN BOOK.

IT IS A MUSIC BOOK
AND WE ARE CLOSE
ENOUGH TO READ THE
NOTATIONS.

A STRANGE NOISE
COMES FROM K9 WHICH
SOUNDS REMARKABLY LIKE
AN ATTEMPT TO HUM
... .."While shep-
herds watch their
flocks by night ..."

END.